

# The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

by GRACE MILLER WHITE

A New Romance of the Storm Country

**SYNOPSIS**

**CHAPTER I.**—Lonely and almost friendless, Tonnibel Devon, living on a canal boat, child of a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley.

**CHAPTER II.**—Uriah Devon, Tony's father, returns to the boat from a prolonged "spree," and announces he has arranged for Tony to marry a worthless companion of his, Reginald Brown. Mrs. Devon objects, and Uriah declares that because there is a secret connected with the boat.

**CHAPTER III.**—In clothes that Uriah had brought Tony from a party picture, with a notification of a reward for its return to a Doctor Pendlehaven. She goes to return the picture.

**CHAPTER IV.**—With the Pendlehavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a nurse, her son and daughter, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley.

**CHAPTER V.**—Tonnibel returns the picture to Doctor John, and learns it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendlehaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's child, who had been stolen in her infancy, and her loss has wrecked Doctor Paul's life. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat and ministers to Mrs. Devon who she is unconscious.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Returning to consciousness, Mrs. Devon is informed by Tony of her visit. She is deeply agitated, makes Tony swear she will never tell of her brutality, and disappears.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Tony's personality and her loneliness appeal to Doctor John and he arranges to take her into his house as a companion to his invalid brother.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Tony's presence in the house has a good effect on Doctor Paul. He begins to take a new interest in life. Visiting the canal boat, Tony finds Reginald Brown there. He attempts to kiss her. Captain MacCauley appears and throws the man into the lake. Uriah Devon orders MacCauley off his boat.

**CHAPTER IX.**—With the girl a captive, Uriah insists that she shall marry Brown. On her persistent refusal he beats her brutally, throws her into the cabin, unmoors the boat, and starts to leave Ithaca. MacCauley follows in his canoe. He takes the girl into the canoe through the cabin window. The men believe Tony has committed suicide. MacCauley declares his love, and Tony acknowledges she returns it. The girl returns to the Pendlehaven home.

**CHAPTER X.**—At dinner in the Pendlehaven home MacCauley, not knowing of her presence in the house, meets Tony and his affectionate greeting alarms Katherine and her mother.

Tonnibel went to him instantly, as she always did when he called her. "You will promise me something," he insisted, as his hot hand clasped hers. "Tony, don't go out again like you did yesterday. I shan't be able to stand it if you do!"

Tonnibel's mind flashed to Philip. She felt sure he would go to the corner of the lake every day to meet her, as he had gone to the canal boat.

Yet as she gazed into the imploring eyes of her friend, she had no heart to deny him his wish.

"I'm selfish, perhaps," the man went on, "but, Tony dear, if you want to go out, there's lots of cars in the garage, and horses in the stable. Won't you promise me?"

Tony thrust the memory of Philip's face from her mind. She put the wish to be in his arms again, to feel his warm lips once more on hers behind her, and tremblingly smiled in acquiescence.

"I promise," she said in a low voice, but a sob prevented her from saying anything more.

**CHAPTER XI.**

**The Stoning.**

Never before since he had taken up his work of redemption had Philip MacCauley found the hours so long and so difficult to live through. Day after day he canoed to the place Tony had promised to meet him, only to return to Ithaca more at sea than ever. He had the sickening idea that the girl he had grown to love was again in the clutches of her brute of a father and Reginald Brown.

Tony, too, began to lose the high spirits that had returned almost immediately after her escape from the canal boat. The gray eyes grew darkly stricken, the lovely mouth seemed to have lost the power to smile.

"You'll trust us," she pleaded, waving her hand toward Philip. "Please trust him and me."

"Ha!" shrieked Mrs. Curtis. "Trust you?"

"Shut up, Cousin Sarah," snapped Philip at the angry woman. Then he addressed himself to the doctor. "I did promise her I wouldn't tell her we met. And I won't! In fact it isn't any one's business. Is it, Cousin John?"

"Not that I can see," came in rather drawing answer.

"I'll repeat what I said before," Philip took up hastily. "I didn't know she lived here."

"We're ready to believe that—now," cried Katherine.

Captain MacCauley stared at her. Was this frowning angry girl the same-



In Shame-Faced Misery Tonnibel Sank to the Floor.

ing, yielding Katherine he had known or thought he had known?

"You can believe it or not, Kathie," he told her bravely. "It makes no difference to me. But it's true, just the same."

"Wait here for me, Philip," said the doctor, in a low tone. "I'll be back in a moment."

Then he took Tony by the hand and they went out together.

For several tense moments a silence too dreadful to describe settled down upon the dining room. Katherine twisted her fork sulkily and Mrs. Curtis still sniffled in her handkerchief.

Philip looked from one to the other, wishing with all his heart he could say something that would clear the atmosphere.

"I'm sorry, Cousin Sarah," he said abruptly, trying to smile. "It certainly was awkward, wasn't it?"

"Awkward?" repeated Mrs. Curtis, wrinkling her face. "Awkward isn't the word, Philip. It was disgusting."

The gorge rose again in his throat. "Tonnibel Devon is the best girl I know," he asserted. "Poor little thing, I pity her with all my heart."

"Pity is akin to love, my dear Philip," sneered Mrs. Curtis.

"Mother," cried Katherine. "Philip wouldn't so far forget himself and his friends and position as to love—well—if you can't keep your tongue still, go upstairs."

This was a shock for Philip. That any girl could speak to her own mother in such a way was beyond his comprehension. The door opened just then and Dr. John walked in.

"She came down to tell me that Paul wanted me and forgot it," he said in a low tone. "The poor child is quite overcome."

Mrs. Curtis tossed her head and rose from the table, and Katherine, rising also, followed her mother out of the room.

There was very little said between the young man and his older friend after the ladies had taken their departure, but when Captain MacCauley was ready to leave, he looked anxiously at his companion.

"Cousin John," he murmured. "You won't let any one—"

"Indeed not," interrupted the doctor, anticipating the lad's plea. "Tony Devon is here to stay, Phil."

"Could I—could I see her, Cousin John, just a minute?" the boy faltered.

"Not tonight, old fellow," replied the doctor, kindly. "Tomorrow, perhaps."

And Philip had to be content.

That evening Katherine spent with her mother in hopeless misery.

"He acted just as if he loved her," she wailed at one time in their conversation. "I'd give anything to find out how long he's known her."

"So would I," said Mrs. Curtis. "Katherine, we've got to get her away by some means. She's bewitched John—she's brought Paul up from his grave—and there's no telling, she may snare your place in their wills."

"And now she's hoodwinked Philip," gulped Katherine. "Can't you think of some plan? Can't we claim she steals or something like that?"

"John wouldn't believe it, especially now that Reggie is coming home," was the answer. "His letter today said he'd be here very soon. Everything

that happens in this house out of the ordinary is blamed on my poor boy." And she began again to cry.

"Great Heavens, mother, don't do that," screamed Katherine. "Can't you see weeping doesn't do any good? You make me so nervous I could fly. We've got to make some plan to get her out of here. While you're sniffling all the time, you can't think."

Mrs. Curtis rose and walked to her bedroom door.

"My children have no sympathy for me at all," she shot back. "But you say I can't think while I cry? Well, watch me! I'll bet you five dollars Tony Devon is out of this house before another week is over."

The next morning when Reggie Brown came home, he went directly to his mother. Of course, as usual, she wept at the sight of him and began to upbraid him for his thoughtlessness. Why hadn't he let her know where he was? Why had he been gone so long?

Reggie laughed insolently. "Do I ever let you know where I go, mother?" he demanded, dropping into an easy chair. "No, I don't, and I won't! I've come for five hundred dollars I have to have. Now cough it up."

"I haven't that much money in the world," sobbed Mrs. Curtis.

"Then wheedle it out of Cousin John," he commanded. "I've simply got to have it!"

Paying no heed to his gruff command, Mrs. Curtis rocked to and fro in excess of agony.

"If Paul had died," she wept, "we'd have had a lot of money—"

"How do you know?" was Reggie's quick query.

"Because I know how his will's made," explained his mother. "And unless his Caroline is found, your Cousin John and I get all his money."

Reginald's eyes blazed into a flame of interest. Money was the only thing that attracted him.

"Why doesn't he die, then?" he asked, dropping back sullenly. "He's old enough and sick enough, isn't he?"

"Because he's getting well," replied his mother. "That girl—"

"What girl?" Reggie's voice asked the question in monotone.

"Some huzzy John picked up not long ago," was the reply. "She's brought Paul to life, and John is wild about her, and now—"

"Where is she?" interjected Reginald. "With your Cousin Paul. And Reggie, I'd give five hundred to get her out of the house."

The boy rose and stood gazing down at the tips of his highly polished boots.

"I'd give more than that," he replied solemnly. "We know Cousin Paul was in his grave."

"Then rid us of the girl, and he'll soon keel over," said the mother.

But Reginald wasn't interested in Cousin Paul's new companion. He wanted money and that was all, now that Tony Devon was dead.

"How about the five hundred for me?" he questioned, looking at her keenly.

"I've said I hadn't it, my son," said she. "Now run away and don't bother me any more."

Reggie did leave the room, but not the house. His mind was filled with many plans to get hold of the cash he needed. There were two things had to be done. Whoever the girl with Cousin Paul was, she had to go. It was enough that his mother didn't want her in the house. Reggie could abuse his own women folk; he could make them cry all he wanted to, but that any one, not a stranger too, could force his mother into a spell of hysteria, he wouldn't tolerate.

Then the other thing to which he had made up his mind almost brought his hair on end when he contemplated it. The world had to be relieved of Cousin Paul.

A little drop of something—Reggie rose to his feet and walked nervously up and down the room. "Twould be easy enough to get hold of, for Dr. John always had plenty of drugs on hand."

That afternoon he met Captain MacCauley on State street. The sight of Reggie's slim swaggering figure brought Philip to a quick decision. He stopped directly in front of Brown, and, as it was the first time they'd met since the memorable moment when Reggie had been flung in the lake, they looked embarrassedly into each other's eyes.

"So you decided to come home?" asked Philip, his voice sharply toned.

Reggie gathered together his courage and curled his lips. Why should he be afraid of a Salvation army captain even if he were rich?

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" he sneered. "And it's none of your business, anyway."

"It's my business about how you treat Tony Devon," Philip began, but Reggie's fresh outburst cut off his words.

"Nobody'll ever treat her any way after this," he almost growled. "She's dead, drowned in the lake."

A horrified expression passed over

Philip's face. Then he realized that Reginald didn't know of Tony Devon's presence in the Pendlehaven home.

"She's better off than when she was the last time you saw her," he said and whirled away.

Twenty minutes later Philip was talking to John Pendlehaven.

"You promised last night I could see her today," he pleaded. "I'll promise only to stay a few minutes. May I go up?"

"No; I'll call Tony down," was the reply. "I don't want Paul disturbed today."

When the boy and girl stood facing each other, embarrassment kept them silent for some moments. Philip had decided to find out whether Tony knew of Reginald Brown's connection with the Pendlehavens, although he was positive he was sure she did not.

"It's a nice day," he blurted out, and Tonnibel's low "yes" was her only answer. How pretty she looked, thought Philip, and how much he desired to kiss her as he had the other time in the breaking dawn on the shore of Lake Cayuga.

"Tony," he said huskily, "don't you—don't you—like me at all?"

Tonnibel opened her eyes to their fullest extent. Why, hadn't she kissed him, oh, ever so many times? No girl would do that—she blushed and staid the tip of her pretty shoe.

"Don't you, Tony, or if you don't, couldn't you?" pleaded the boy.

"I like you heaps," she breathed with suppressed emotion. She wanted to throw her arms about him right then, to tell him how she had longed to be with him, all about her promise that she would not leave the house again without some one with her. She was considering this when—

"I wanted to ask you—if you've seen that man again?" said Philip. "The one I—"

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